

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

 Tuesday, October 26. 1708.

Mad Man. WELL, Mr. Review—
 Now *Lisle* is taken—
 Shall we come to your
 old Question, WHAT'S NEXT?

Review. Next! 'Tis plain enough what
 is next—*November* is next.

M. I did not ask you what Month was
 next; do you think we have no Almanacks
 in *Bealam*?—But what will the Allies do
 next; what is next to be done in the pub-
 lick Affairs?—

Rev. Abroad you mean?

M. Yes, Abroad; perhaps it may be
 my Turn to tell you what shall be done at
 Home—

Rev. Why, as to Affairs abroad, none
 but you would ask the Question; the Work

abroad is plain, *November* is at the Door,
 you must settle your Winter Quarters, and
 give the poor Soldiers some Breath; it has
 been a long and very severe Campaign—
 The Siege of *Lisle* will stand upon Record to
 be one of the greatest and most difficult
 Pieces of Work of this Age—

M. Well, but is there nothing else to
 be done, but immediately put the Soldiers
 to Bed, and there's an End of the Cam-
 paign? May we not give the *French* one
 Rub at Parting?

Rev. That is as the *French* please; if
 they stand in our Way, I believe we
 may.

M. Nay,

M. Nay, as to that, *they stand in our Way enough*; for you see, they have in a Manner cut off our Communication with *Holland*, and that Part of *Flanders* which we possess, and this brings the Case to Mind you talk of, Winter Quarters, *where will you get them?* The *French* have pounded you between the *Lys* and the *Scheld*, their strong Towns are like a Wall of Bricks and Iron round about you; *Ypres*, *Neuport*, *Bruges* and *Ghent* on your left; *Doway*, *Tournay*, *Mons*, *Valenciennes*, &c. on your right.

Rev. Well, well, if we must fight for our Winter Quarters, we cannot help that, let the Soldiers *alone to quarrel for Sheets*. But there is no great Fear of that, I make no Question, but *now Lille* is taken, the *French Army* will soon quit the Banks of the *Scheld*, they know the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* better than to stay there for them.

M. Why, whither will they go?

Rev. To their old close Quarters again, behind the Canal of *Bruges*.

M. Well, but cannot the Duke of *Marlborough* beat them out there, as well as from the Banks of the *Scheld*?

Rev. I doubt not; 'tis too late in the Year to attempt any thing that requires Time.

M. But can he not cut off their Communication with *Neuport*, and so starve them, and block them up that they cannot subsist?

Rev. Those Things were mightily talk'd of in the Spring; but we do not find it so easie a Matter to block up 70 or 80000 Men; and if you could not do it when you could lie in the Field, it is not very likely you should do it when you have nothing but remote Garrisons to do it. I make no doubt therefore, but if they do recover that Post; they will keep it for this Winter, and consequently take their Winter Quarters on that side; or perhaps when you are separated, they will also divide and send Part of their Army into *Hanault*, and quarter in *Mons*, *Towning*, *Namure*, *Charleroy*,

Conde, *Valenciennes*, and all the Country on that side where their chief Strength lies.

M. Well, but what is this they are talking of, turning the Siege of the Citadel of *Lille* into a Blockade? — The poor Garrison or *Lille* now you have got it, will have but a sorry Life of it all the Winter; if they are not Masters of the Citadel. And in my Opinion, if they do not take the Citadel, the Citadel will take them; for if the *French* can come at it any time in the Winter, they may run 25000 Men into it, and so only pass through it into the City, for I do not hear the City is fortified on the Side of the Citadel.

Rev. For this Reason it is not my Opinion, that the Confederates will give it over till they have the Citadel and all.

M. Do you know the Strength of the Citadel?

Rev. I know it is strong, and I know they have drawn a third Ditch round it during the Siege, and made a double Counterscarp with Tenailes and Ravellings, and in short made it as strong as possible. But we must —

M. What must you do? Do you remember *what's next*, as you said, *Do you consider November* is coming; you must not expect to do any thing that can take up Time?

Rev. Well, perhaps it may not take up so much Time as you think of; what signifies all their Fortifications, if they want other Things? You know we are told they want Powder.

M. I believe, that Circumstance is generally mistaken too. I am not able to see by any outward Appearance, that they want Powder.

Rev. Why, is not the desperate Attempt of bringing it in a Horseback, which you were so merry about the other Day; Is not that a plain Signification that they want Powder?

M. I shall give you my Opinion of that at our next Meeting.

MISCELLANEA.

I Left the *Rehearsal* vindicating the *Highb-Flies* that swear and abjure, and yet act for King *James*. Poor Gentleman, he has a *Herculean* Labour — But to see how handsomely he comes out with it, is a most pleasant Farce, and might be call'd, *The Rehearsal transpos'd* — Indeed he has made a most pointed and excellent Satyr upon them, having brought a Parallel or two to justify them, which he himself has condemn'd as the most execrable Villanies in the World — And in short his Vindication of them amounts to this. Those People that swore to King *Charles I.* and then cut off his Head, were execrable Traytors — But these are as honest Men as they. *Ergo* — Those that swore to King *James II.* and then invited a Foreign Power to dethrone him, were perjur'd, perfidious Traytors; but these Men are as honest as they. *Ergo* —

Ergo what — It must follow as in our last Paper's Letter, either that those were honest Men, or these great Vil...s.

But I think, there is another Construction to be drawn very naturally from Mr. *Rehearsal's* Parallels, without doing him or them any Injury — And that is, that these Gentlemen, like those execrable Miscreants he speaks off, do really think themselves at Liberty, notwithstanding their Oaths, Declarations, Abjurations and Affurances, to act vigorously against the Government, dethrone, *by and murder too, if they have opportunity, her Majesty,* take up Arms against her, call in a Foreign, *French, Popish,* or any Sort of Power to oppose her — And so to act to all Intents and Purposes, as if they had never taken any Oath to her — And this is most natural from the Parallel it is justify'd from, the Practice of those People they are likened to and compar'd with — And tell me now, Mr. *Rehearsal*, you are a *Non-juror*; is not a *Non-juror* an honest Man than these? Is not a *Papist*, a profess'd *Jacobite*, a Man of Honour to these? Are not these the very

Sort of People, who you your selves would abhor, and of whom, if they should do your Work for you, you would say, you love the Treason, but abhor the Traytors? — Can you *Jacobites* have any Kindness for them, but just a Tools of your Party? — Labourers in your Drudgery — Cleansers of your Jakes, that like the Night-Man takes away your Filth, but stinks so himself you cannot come near him.

Nor is it unworthy the Consideration of these People, if they could think; abject Mercenaries! whose Slaves are you? Who do you act for? You are mark'd by the Fate of your own Actions, no Government can respect you, no Party own you; the Revolutioners whom you joyn are ashamed of you, the Government you swear to suspects, and even knows you; the present Establishment abhors you — On the other hand, the sham King you have abjur'd will detest you — The Party you serve will use you as Hirelings to Treason, whom they will pay in the Dark, and blush to have receiv'd any Benefit from; in short, all Men will shun you as they do an evil Spirit, human Society will spue you out, as the *H...* of *C...* does her bribed Members — And you will be bless'd with the Portion and Reward of a Hypocrite, *Viz.* Universal Contempt.

This is the Wages you work for, you may guess at it by the very Comparison, your Non-juring Champion has made for you; he has gone back to an Age and to a People to represent you by, which of all the Times, and of all the People in the World, are the most hateful to him that makes the Parallel — If the Reference be just, you may have abundant Cause to thank him the wrong Way.

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